

Betty Shambroom: beloved wife, mother, and friend

How do we love you? Let us count the ways...

- ~ We love that you showered people with gifts without needing a reason.
- ~ We love that every greeting was a hug, and every stranger was soon a friend.
- ~ We love that you hid little notes in your children's suitcases when they traveled.
- ~ We love that you danced whenever and wherever there was great music - on an elegant dance floor, in a lobby, in a restaurant or in the middle of the street.
- ~ We love that you reveled in rooms with views and treasured nooks & crannies.
- ~ We love that you painted with your heart and saw color in every speck of life.
- ~ We love that you prized walking on the beach in color outfits with your friends.
- ~ We love that you were the official timer at your children's swim meets, cut oranges for their soccer and field hockey games, and called shin guards hockey pads.
- ~ We love that you woke your children by tickling them, saying here come all the little people.
- ~ We love that Halloween included homemade costumes and that you never missed the opportunity to be Miss Pockets at the elementary school fair.
- ~ We love that you decorated your children's lunch bags with beautiful drawings.
- ~ We love that you were the #1 Shambroom cheerleader, always donning official team colors, often with sparkling signs or a cow bell.
- ~ We loved the lifelong, endless pleasure you found in coffee ice cream with Bosco sauce and that you personally kept Hershey's chocolate in business.
- ~ We love that you embraced and embodied ICL.
- ~ We love that you always seized the day - white water rafting in Alaska, drinking margaritas in Mexico, or sketching villas in Italy.
- ~ We love that you thought a perfect trip would be to drive cross country and stop at every diner and sample their eggs.
- ~ We love that you said 'I love you' to someone every day and meant it.
- ~ But most of all, we love that you chose to fight your Breast Cancer with grace, defiant determination, laughter, and the triumph of spirit.

Though the world lost your beautiful soul, we will never lose what you brought to our lives: sunshine, spark, and a pure untainted love.

These gifts have made us rich.

Betty, Bosh, Mi Madre, Ma, Mom, Mums, TitiÖ thank you.

We will always celebrate your life.

We recently connected with Camp Okizu, a year-round camp in northern California for children with cancer and their families. To honor Betty's lifelong goal of using art as therapy for handicapped children, her passion for music, and her love of children, we suggest anyone interested in making a donation in Betty's memory consider Camp Okizu. All funds will be put towards the purchase of the camp's first-ever piano and additional art and music supplies. Run entirely by volunteers, this camp is free to all families and children. To make a donation to Camp Okizu, call: 415-382-8502 or visit their website: [www.campokizu.org](http://www.campokizu.org). We are honored to give the gift of music and art to these children, as we so cherish the music and art Betty brought to our lives.



In Loving Memory  
Betty Shambroom

12/17/36 ~ 9/6/04

Her love, smile and art touched so many...

## Kaddish Yatom

When I die  
If you need to weep  
Cry for someone  
Walking the street beside you.  
And when you need me  
Put your arms around others,  
And give to them what you need to give to me.

You can love me most by letting  
Hands touch hands, and  
Souls touch souls.

You can love me most by  
Sharing your simchas and  
Multiplying your mitzvoth.

You can love me most by  
Letting me live in your deeds  
And not on your mind.

And when you say Kaddish for me  
Remember what our Torah teaches:  
Love doesn't die  
People do.

So when all that's left of me is love  
Give me away.

- Merritt Melloy



Her spirit lives on  
in all of us

